

Look Cheerful.

No matter how depressed you feel,
Look cheerful!
A gloomy face is ungentle,
Look cheerful!
Nobody cares about your woes,
Each has his sorrows, goodness knows
Why should you your griefs disclose?
Look cheerful!
Though you are blue as indigo,
Look cheerful!
You're prettier when you smile, you
know,
Look cheerful!
The world abhors a gloomy face,
And tales of woe are commonplace,
So stir yourself, and take a brace—
Look cheerful!
—Magazine of Mysteries.

The SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER

BY HENRY Q. BARRISON

"About five years ago I was staying in a little town on the Pacific coast, partly for health and partly for pleasure, and it was there I first made the acquaintance of Tom Chatterton. Tom was a great favorite in the neighborhood, as his face, form and manners were irreproachable, and we soon became fast friends. We were called the twins by the wits of the town, for we were inseparable, and many a lonely night we spent together, camped on the hillside under the twinkling stars. But Tom had a buried past, and no matter how jovial he was he would never speak of his early life, so I concluded he had suffered some bitter disappointment and had buried himself away from civilization in the rude but hospitable west.

"He was, like many others, very susceptible to female charms, and was—or was reputed to be—in love with Eva Liston, the daughter of the sheriff of the county, one of the greatest of thief hunters known, but his daughter was his opposite in every way, and was the fairest and sweetest girl on the shores of the Pacific.

"One morning I shouldered my rifle and sauntered down the principal street of the town, on my way to seek Chatterton, who was to accompany me on a day's shooting. I had not proceeded far before I met the object of my search, who rushed up and said, hurriedly:

"I can't go to-day, Jim. I have received some news about family affairs that has staggered me completely. I'm awfully sorry, but I really don't feel fit to go out. Good-by and a pleasant day's sport.

"I watched his retreating form as he dashed up the street, and then slowly paced along wondering what could disturb a man usually so cool and confident, but I soon gave up surmising and started for the hills intending to make the best of a bad matter and spend as good a day as possible.

"It was a singularly unlucky day, for I could not get within range of anything large, so with a curse at my ill luck I made tracks for the town early in the evening. I did not tell you that the town was situated on a rocky coast, whose shores were precipitous and dangerous in the extreme, especially near the town; in fact, no vessel save skiffs and small boats dare run the gauntlet into the little sheltered bay inside the breakers.

"As I approached the town I felt a little sheepish at returning so early, and empty-handed to boot; so I determined to take a stroll by the shore until night fell, when I could slip unnoticed home. I struck down by the shore road, but soon quickened my pace, for I observed a crowd running in the direction of the Black Rocks, the most dangerous point on the whole coast, and I immediately concluded that some wayfarer had fallen over the rocks and was dashed to pieces below. I rushed up breathless and saw them gazing into the roaring sea hundreds of feet below, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of some object beneath.

"He has escaped!" roared a big, burly man whom I recognized as the sheriff; "but, by heaven, he shall never leave there alive! Would a revolver reach him, I wonder?" and, throwing himself down, he crept to the edge of the cliff and fired several shots toward the sea.

"Missed!" he growled as he wiped

again, as it will save us the trouble of flushing him. Hello, Mr. Harding! addressing me, 'are you here?' "I asked the meaning of all the excitement, and as I spoke the crowd gazed curiously at me, and some of them audibly remarked that I had been fooled, too.

"Well, it means that your twin brother, as he was called, is not Mr. Chatterton, but Jake Gaston, the most



Irreproachable.

bloodthirsty and relentless villain in the states. You needn't look alarmed. I don't blame you, as I know you never suspected him—neither did I, for he has been hiding here for years. He dispatched a message down the coast this morning to send a vessel up, for he smelled a rat; but we were too quick and made a raid on the house. Confound the fellow! He slipped through our fingers like an eel and made for the coast. Finding himself closely pressed, he went down these rocks like a monkey, and now sits below out of reach awaiting the vessel. By heaven! there she is and he signals her!" and he pointed to a schooner that swept around the point under sail and anchored half a mile from the shore.

"The excitement was now intense, and bets were freely taken about the result. They of the schooner saw that they dare not approach nearer to the shore, and were evidently afraid to send a boat through such a treacherous reef.

"The sheriff danced with glee at their discomfiture, and, turning to me, said:

"Would you oblige me with your rifle, Mr. Harding, as my revolver can not reach him? I have instructions to take his body, alive or dead."

"I politely declined to part with my rifle for such a purpose, much to his astonishment, as Chatterton had never wronged me and I had no wish to assist at his death.

"When matters were at a deadlock a skiff shot out from the coast, describing a crescent, spoke to the schooner, and skinned in to the rescue of the prisoner. All eyes were turned on the fragile boat, and as it drew near to the rocks below I saw, with horror, that the occupant was the sheriff's pretty daughter.

"Nearer and nearer crept the little boat, dodging through the network of rocks till at last it was so near that I could distinguish the golden locks and white, set face of the rower. Poor girl, she loved him despite his wicked career, and I could not but admire the unselfish devotion of the unfortunate girl.

"The sheriff was beside himself with rage and veneration at being cheated by his own daughter, and as the skiff shot out, Chatterton, or rather Gaston, stood up and waved him an ironic adieu. Eva stood by his side, the tears streaming down her face. But they were tears of joy.

"We watched them till the boat was a mere speck on the bosom of the ocean. That was the last I have ever seen of my 'twin brother.' Like Barkis, he went out with the tide."—Henry Q. Barrison in Chicago Journal.

International Playgrounds.

The model playground at the world's fair is attracting a great deal of attention. Every day one may see Spanish, Polish, Japanese, Chinese, Turkish, Eskimo and American children playing side by side in the sand piles and other attractions offered the young folks.

REWARD FOR GOOD SERVICE.

Kinsale's Earls Had Privilege of Being Covered Before King.

Paris has caught the habit of going hatless and many stories connected with hats and their history are recalled. It was once counted a privilege to walk, not bareheaded, but covered, before a king. The earls of Kinsale had this dubious distinction as reward for an old-time service. Seven centuries ago Philip of France summoned that cheerful hero, England's King John, to mortal combat. John thought he would rather not, but offered De Courcey, earl of Kinsale, freedom from the dungeon where he lay if he would take in hand the commission. De Courcey, spoiling for a fight, agreed, and John and Philip sat together to see somebody's head cracked. The French champion cried off on seeing the size of the Englishman, whereupon the untired conqueror playfully stuck his helmet upon a post of oak and drove his sword through it and so deep into the wood that none save himself could withdraw it. He had purchased his freedom and his reward he heard from his magnanimous sovereign's lips: "Thou art a pleasant companion and heaven keep thee in good heavers. Never unveil thy bonnet again before king or subject."

PENAL SETTLEMENT OF SPAIN.

Government of Centra Corrupt as Was That of Cuba.

"On the Spanish section of Morocco's coast line stands the penal settlement of Centa," writes a traveler. "It was a large number of soldiers, a huge convict prison and legions of small boys, who mobbed me when I was last there because they did not approve of my English hat and limited Spanish vocabulary. Now, the governors of Centa prison draw rations for every convict in their charge, so, from their point of view, it is no bad thing for a convict to escape. So long as he is on the books he is entitled to rations, even though he has shaken from off his feet the dust of the great gray prison on the hillside. Consequently, a good bit of this dust-shaking goes on and countless Spanish convicts escape to Tetuan and Tangier, sometimes in Moorish garb. They are safe from pursuit when the sentries are passed."

Cape Cod Wedding Custom.

The people down on Cape Cod have a way of letting all the world know when a man and his wife set out on their wedding journey. A friend who has just returned from the cape boarded the train one afternoon with a conspicuously undevoted young couple. Their clothes were carefully chosen from last year's stock, and they scarcely glanced at each other as they took their seats in the car. The whistle blew and the train started. The village slid away, but the whistle kept up its wild tooting. Everybody in the car turned to grin at the two young people, and they blushed hopelessly. All the way to the next station the whistle shrieked. It is a Cape Cod custom, and everybody who heard knew that Jim and Susy had started on their honeymoon.

On the Plains.

The sun sinks low,
The golden glow
Falls slanting o'er the tawny plain;
A gentle breeze
From far-off seas
Blows gently o'er the wagon train;
A mellow beauty softly reigns—
'Tis sunset on the western plains.

The twinkling stars,
Through azure bars,
Look down upon the darkened plain;
And night wind's sigh
Are blended in a long refrain:
A mystic, wild enchantment reigns—
'Tis midnight on the western plains.

Long rays of light
Dispel the night
As slanting sunbeams span the plain;
Wild flowers fair
Perfume the air,
While westward winds the wagon train
Lead on to the western plains.
—Louis P. Callahan in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ancient Civilization.

In the Etruscan museum at Rome in the Villa Papa Giulio, among the objects found at Faleri belonging to the sixth century before Christ, is a skull which has the gold mounting of several false teeth fixed in its upper jaw, very similar to the mountings used by dentists of our own day. Cremation is as old as the days of Romulus and Remus. If Romulus did not cremate Remus his contemporaries certainly cremated their dead, as is shown by the graves of this epoch recently discovered in the Roman forum.

The Poetical Farmers of Korea.

The Korean, who is a poet before he is a cultivator, speaks of his rice as "The Golden Sand." When it sprouts it is "The Bright Green Field." It then becomes "The Blue Green Plain." When it begins to ripen it is "The Mottled Jade Wave." When ripe "The Yellow Gold Wave." When cut it is "The Yellow Ice," and when harvested it is "The Home of the Golden Child."

Ornamental Nest of Eagles.

In Scotland a naturalist has found a golden eagle's nest that contained a rubber ring, carried thither by the birds as an adornment, says the Chicago News. An observer in California has reported that a pair of golden eagles there decorated their nest with sacks. "When the kite builds look to lesser linen," says Shakespeare, alluding to the robberies committed by those birds from the hedges where linen was put to dry. The late Mr. Booth described a kind of bower made by some aesthetic eagles in Scotland.

Art of Vanished Race

(Special Correspondence.)

The wonderful prehistoric architecture of Central America and Mexico is illustrated in a strikingly realistic manner at the St. Louis World's Fair by a set of models included in the exhibit made by the United States government. These models exhibit in a good representative fashion the diversity of styles and types in this indigenous architecture. The series includes the "House of the Governor" at the ruined city of Uxmal in Yucatan, the "Castillo" at Chichen-Itza in Yucatan, the "Temple of the Cross" at the ruined city of Palenque in the state of Chiapas, Mex., the "Palace" in the ruined city of Mitla, state of Oaxaca, Mex., and the ruined temple of Xochicalco in the state of Morelos, Mex.

The noble proportions of the "Castillo" of Chichen-Itza—which rises to a height of 103 feet and is about 200 feet square at the base—are enhanced by the dignified simplicity of the design, the ornament effectively concentrated at a few points that finely balance—about the main entrance, in the central panels above the entrance, and in the conventionalized animal designs that flank the main stairway at the ground, while the open stone-work of the roof-guard gives a completing touch of lightness at the sky line. The rounded corners of the pyramid terraces contribute to the beauty of the work.

Another magnificent structure, the "House of the Governor" at Uxmal, resembles the Mitla palace in form, both having long and comparatively low walls. But in style it is entirely different. The ornament is disposed in effective contrast with the quiet surface of plain walls, and is composed of a combination of geometrical patterns with freehand sculpture and hieroglyphical inscriptions in a language whose key has not yet been discovered.

The art illustrated in these models deserves the careful attention of students both of architecture and of decoration. The builders worked evidently with clear knowledge of def-

the strongest evidences of one great type of indigenous culture, its diverse manifestations differentiated in various degrees of advancement through North and South America, rising from the crude organizations of the savage tribes up to the mound builders, the cliff dwellers, the Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, and finding its highest expressions among the Aztecs, the Incas and the lost cultures of Mexico and Central America.

Immense artistry has been attributed to these wonderful ruins. But the best evidence goes to show that



Aborigine Amid Ruins.

however ancient may be the civilizations that they represent, the ruins themselves, although "prehistoric"—in consequence of the fact that everything before the European discovery of this continent is shrouded in a mystery almost impenetrable—are comparatively modern; young in comparison with the Parthenon or the Coliseum, and probably not antedating many well-known historic European buildings erected in the middle ages.



Travel in Central America.

initely formulated principles of design. They were architects in the true sense of the word. They developed styles as distinctive as those of the Egyptian, the Greek and the Gothic, and they had clear conceptions of the value of ornament and its distribution with relation to architectural effect. They understood well how to achieve qualities of monumental impressiveness, and knew how to utilize to such ends features like grand stairway approaches and ornamental elements like the frieze and the cornice. The latter are admirably illustrated in the "House of the Governor" and the Xochicalco temple.

The civilizations that these wonderful ruins have survived to represent still remain a mystery for science. All

Some of them may have been almost new when the Spaniards came.

But what became of the extensive civilizations that must have existed all around them, and which could not well have expressed themselves so monumentally without stable and long enduring conditions? We know much about the Aztecs and the Incas, but how shall we learn anything definite about the builders of these temples? Will the words they carved upon their walls ever be deciphered, and thus unravel the enigma of the literature developed by those peoples?

It is thought by certain eminent authorities that the civilizations were autochthonous, developed solely by man on this continent. Hence it is held that certain significant resemblances between this indigenous architecture and decorative art and similar forms of art in the old world are to be traced to the circumstance that the mind of man, working independently along lines that originate in human nature and human needs, will in widely separated parts of the world reach similar and possible identical conclusions. So in architecture, features like the frieze and the cornice might be developed independently through suggestions derived from phases common in construction.

Among those who hold that there must have been some connection between the cultures of the two continents, it is ordinarily assumed that the influences proceeded from the eastern continent to the western. But a belief is gaining ground among some of the most scientific investigators that the influence must have proceeded from the western continent to the eastern, and that human institutions are of older date here than there!

The great ethnologist, the late Frank Hamilton Cushing, in frequent visits to the Chinese theater in San Francisco, discovered extraordinary agreements between the primitive beliefs of the Chinese and those of the Zuñi Indians. And an investigator so keen and thoroughly equipped as Stewart Culin, familiar alike with the culture of the far east and that of the American aborigines, declares that, in his mind, there is not the slightest doubt that the cultures are of identical origin, and that the influences proceeded from this continent to eastern Asia. So perhaps the origin of the Chinese alphabet may yet be traced to the hieroglyphics carved upon the walls at Uxmal and Palenque.

GOVERNMENT AS A BREEDER.

Department of Agriculture to Raise Fowls and Domestic Animals.

The government is going into the horse-breeding business. Plans are now under consideration by the department of agriculture for the expenditure of the \$25,000 appropriated by the last congress for the purpose of breeding domestic animals and fowls. Especial attention, it is understood, will be given to the raising of horses, both for cavalry and carriage purposes and preparations to this end are being made at the Fort Collins experiment station, in Colorado.

At other stations in various parts of the United States experiments will be conducted with full-blooded chickens, sows, sheep and hogs, and Secretary Wilson is determined that the limit of excellence in each class shall be reached. The progress of the experiment is being watched with interest by breeders and cattlemen throughout the country.

Ungrateful Teacher.

Elbert Hubbard was born in Bloomington, Ill., and a Bloomington man said of him the other day:

"Hubbard and I went to school together when we were little chaps. It was a private school, a kind of kindergarten, and the teacher allowed us a good many liberties. Hubbard had a little puppy dog, and one of the liberties allowed to him was the privilege of bringing in the dog and keeping it at his feet during the session.

"This went on for a week or more. The puppy was quiet at first, but, as it got accustomed to the school, it began to take liberties, to be free, to caper about and bark.

"One morning it disturbed the whole room. It broke up the session altogether. Therefore the teacher said: 'Elbert, take that dog out, and never bring it in here any more.'

"Hubbard, nearly heart broken, lifted the puppy up in his arms and went slowly down the aisles. He held its head against his cheek, and, as he departed, looking back reproachfully at the teacher, he said: 'And it's named after you.'

The Road to Success.

"The world is overfull to-day," said the discouraged man: "I'm sure I can't see any way. My destiny is plain: The pictures are all painted now. The songs have all been sung. There's not a mission left, I vow. For hand or brain or tongue."

"I'll make a mighty bid for fame!" said the persistent man: "I'll paint a picture and my name Shall future ages scan. And while I work I'll sing a song Of rollicking good cheer To help the lagging ones along. And keep my soul from fear."

His picture hung on castle wall. Fame knew him for her son: His song was sung in stately halls. "Two earnest labor woe. And if you want to move the world, Make no abject appeal. But with your strength against it hurl. Put shoulder to the wheel." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Refused His Own Medicine.

A noted surgeon of this city was recently attacked by appendicitis. This surgeon performed last year 500 operations and lost but two, but when he was told that he had to be operated upon he objected, although the operators were also noted surgeons and intimate friends.

"Not on your life," said the patient. Urging was of no avail, and finally remedies unaccompanied by the knife were used.

The surgeon was sick some weeks, but he finally recovered, and only recently has been chronicled as having performed an operation for the disease with which he, too, was afflicted, and for which he would not undergo a siege at fellow professionals' hands. —Baltimore Sun.

Things of Birth.

Last fall Daniel J. Sully, the de-throned cotton king, was down South making a personal inspection of the condition of the cotton crop.

He traveled quite a little and visited one plantation after another. Driving along the road with a planter one afternoon, Mr. Sully noticed a swarm of negro children playing. They had sufficient clothing on them, but not one wore shoes. Mr. Sully then remarked:

"I thought everyone was getting rich down here on thirteen cent cotton. Now, not one of those children has shoes on. Do they always go barefoot?"

"Yes," said the planter, "they were all born that way."

Would Display a Star.

Representative Charles F. Landis, of Indiana, one evening sought rest at a rural inn the proprietor of which was opposed to him politically. While seated on the veranda a star fell and elicited from the landlord's wife this comment: "Another soul has gone to heaven."

"Adam," asked the statesman good-naturedly, "will a star fall at my death and indicate that I, too, have gone to heaven?"

"Mr. Landis," said the woman laughingly, "to make room for such a big man as you in heaven a star must fall." —New York Herald.

Consolation.

One day Gen. Wood attended the funeral of a friend, and, waiting for the procession to start, the inevitable garrulous citizen stepped up to him and remarked:

"Eat about poor Jones, isn't it?"

"Very," replied Wood.

"And yet," persisted the citizen, "his pretty little widow doesn't seem quite broken-hearted. I suppose her composure is due to her pastor's assurance."

"Don't you believe it," said the general; "it is due to her late husband's insurance."



The sheriff's daughter, the clay off his trousers; and worse luck, the tide is running out. I hope he'll remain here until it comes in.